

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A
MEMOIR
SCOT'S
PASTORAL COMEDY.

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

MEMOIR
By ALLAN RAMSAY.

K
Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente litim restringere rivo.

VIRG.

PERTH:

Printed by R. Morison, Junr.

For R. MORISON & SON, Booksellers;

MDCCLXXXVIII.

THE PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *A rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon, } *Two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*
Glaud, }

Bauldy, *A bynd, engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *Thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mause, *An old woman, supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE, *A shepherd's village and fields, some few
miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action. *Within twenty hours.*



S U S A N N A,
 COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

WHEREFORE I beg leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* protection. If my *Patroness* says, The *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your *Ladyship's* opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the *Countess* of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, *Madam*, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

WERE I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with num-

berless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY : Be that the care of the herald and the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered ; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect : For whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* mind, command devotion.

ALL this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature : But what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and see his influence ? —Very true ; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the *Idalian* registers were of as short duration as life : But the *Bard* who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.——I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear : But if I shall prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour ; I shall hope to be classed with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,

One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your *Ladyship's* most obedient,

and most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

WITH THE FOLLOWING

P A S T O R A L.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
Now *Happiness* forfakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat;

O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy fire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
 With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
 In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted beauty in a golden age;
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desired.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the *rural state* bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
 Secure alike from envy and from care;
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair HUMELIA's soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.

The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race,
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast;
She, uninvited, came a welcome guest,
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless beauty lost the pow'r to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood;
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around:
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *happiness*! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?

Dost

Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk;
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In STAIRS' wisdom, or in ERSKINE's charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost;
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurst,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
 Unlike, O EGLINTON! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heav'nly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passion freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.

To the Countess of EGLINTON.

9

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?
Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
And backward *merit* loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

PATIE AND ROGER;

PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE nipping frosts and driving snæ
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay, and bra,
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,

To

D E D I C A T I O N. 11

To him wha has sae courteously,
 To weaker sight,
 Set these rude sonnets sung by me 12
 In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
 In his fair character still shine ;
 Sma' need he has of fangs like mine,
 To beet his name :
 For frae the North to Southern line, 16
 Wide gangs his fame ;

His fame, which ever shall abide,
 While hist'ries tell of tyrant's pride,
 Wha vainly strave upon the tide,
 T' invade these lands,
 Where *Briton's* royal fleet doth ride, 20
 Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen,
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did conten'd
 Upon the waves,
 How free-born *Britons* faught like men, 24
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae

II. *To weaker sight, set these, &c.*] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

21. *Frae his pen*] His valuable Naval History.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
 This country sang, my fancy flew,
 Keen your just merit to pursue;
 But ah! I fear,

In giving praises that are due, 28
 I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
 May pow'rs aboon with kindly care
 Grant you a lang and muckle skair
 Of a' that's good,
 Till unto langest life and mair 32
 You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sower,
 And may the muses ilka hour
 Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:
 I'm but a callan;
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your 36
 Devoted ALLAN.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A
SCOTTS
PASTORAL COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE—I.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where cristal springs their halefome waters yield;
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *The waking of the faulds.*

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay,

B

My

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weell I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blayth and bauld;
And naithing gies me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her fangs are tald,



GENTLE SHEPHERD



Part. This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood

Act I. Sc. I.

Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
At waking of the fauld.

THIS funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants!
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gares thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loathe the flow'r and quit the hive
The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase faul's fae sadly out of tune.
You ha'e sae fast a voice and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In Winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the sna'.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs ye wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a los!
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clut
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:

I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens !
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e gues'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you ;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow ;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car ;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat ;
He fighs for Neps :—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na looe her :—but in vain ;
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a-cur I dearly like ;
Even while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dum tike :
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight ;

Yet tauntingly She at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.—
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care ;
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do fae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck ?
 Yonder's a craig : since ye ha'e tint all houp,
 Gae til't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill ;
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk ! leave aff that filly whingeing way ;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lasfs I loe as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about :
 I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee ;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me ;
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist :
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw ;
 Her cockernony snooded up fu sleek ;
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
 Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear ;
 And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine wastecoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye'er fae soon asteer :

But

But I can guess ye'er gawn to gather dew :
 She scow'r'd awa, and said, What's that to you ?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd ; and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back ;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she ; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood,
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.—*Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect :
 For women in a man delight ;
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face gi' way
 To a repulse—Then be not blate ;
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When

When maidens, innocently young,

Say often what they never mean,

Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,

But tent the language o' their een :

If these agree, and she persist

To answer a' your love we hate,

Seek elsewhere to be better blest,

And let her sigh when it's too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art

To hearten ane : For now, as clean's a leek,

Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.

Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,

(My mither, rest her saul ! she made it fine)

A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo',

Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,

Wi' sprangs like goud and filler, cross'd wi' black ;

I never had it yet upon my back.

Well are ye wordy o't, who ha'e sae kind

Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, hald ye there :—and since ye've frankly

A present to me of your braw new plaid, (made

My flute's be yours ; and she too that's sae nice,

Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;

But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.

Now tak it out and gie's a bonny spring ;

For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,

And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;

By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we ha'e ta'n the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t' ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A flowrie Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear:
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
 While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
 And MEG, with better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow.
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and makes a singand din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glase,
 Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grass:

We'll

We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash ourfells.—It's healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 Gif our twa herds come brattling drown the brae,
 And see us sae? That jeering fallow Pate
 Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' fight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
 The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
 That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
 What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
 Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug,
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
 He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

Like

Like dauted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckleless whim will orp and greet :
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past ;
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.—*Polwart on the green.*

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld :
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dauted bairn thus taks the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave ;
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave :
 They jest it till the dinner's past ;
 Thus, by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy ! Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I :—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
 For sick a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and fighs, and I can guess the cause ;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws ?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chieks may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lafs! how can ye loo that rattle skull?
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV.—*O dear mither, what shall I do?*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life destroys
Hartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's gude,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no'? It's good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye wi' ane unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,

He'll

He'll look upon you as his tether-flake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day he dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
 And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a lounderin lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love. (move
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him, I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music throw my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seems coofs, compar'd to my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill-nature heffs in fauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bonny lass of Branksome! or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O! it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' falseous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.

Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 The deel gaes our Jock Wabster, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

SANG V.—*How can I be sad on my wedding day?*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than any of thae
 Sour weak silly fallows, that study, like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif Im sa'e happy, I shall hae delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at,—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,
 But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.

Your

Your nowt may die ;—the spate may bear away
 Frae af the howms your dainty rocks of hay.—
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasfy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheefe,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees :
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent,
 It's not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent :
 His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear :
 Syne, driv'n frae house and hauld, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg, be wife, and live a single life ;
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd ; let heav'n make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For hailsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fald, to pay the laird his due ;
 Syne a' behynd's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the world will steer :

And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleis the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpl'd cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae whenso'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
'To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak' aff:
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good-humour, and white bigonets, shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns

Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye
 Then ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them, some years syne, bride-groom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand fingle,—(a state fae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae,
 Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.—*Nansy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, you have won;
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a' that wi' can do or say
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us:
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner!—Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no lat the wee thing tak the air:
 Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good ;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith ;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true,—nae lafs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E—I.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green :
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre :
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's :—there you may see him lean,
And to his divot seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon ;—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in
They tell me ye was in the ither day, (town ?
And fald your crummock and her bassen'd quey,
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart ;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.

I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell ye things ha'e taken sik a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stand like fleas,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Symie, ratling chiels ne'er stand
 To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
 Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
 But loose your poke, be't true or false let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I ha'e seen
 Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
 Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate, to save his head:
 Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
 To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
 Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
 Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune;
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII.—*Could kail in Aberdeen.*

Could be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody;
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

Gla. That maks me blyth indeed!—But dinna flaw;
 Tell o'er your news again, and swear til't a':

And

And saw ye Hab! And what did Halbert say!
 They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
 And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent:
 Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens, when we pat on funday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
 Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a feat.—
 "How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa? how does Kate?
 "How fells black cattle?—What gie's woothis year?—
 And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.—*Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
 To rise aboon poverty;
 Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint:
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,

Whilk

Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame;
 My heart's e'en rais'd ! Dear nibour, will ye stay,
 And tak your dinner here wi' me the day ?
 We'll fend for Elspa too——and upo' fight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the bight :
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they time the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
 For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of mant,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime and fat ;
 A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting i' the nook :
 I saw my fell or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton-bouk to boil :—and aye we'll roast ;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost ;
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice ;
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel sung.
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our masters health and welcome-hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family ; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld-birky; never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear.
 Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I! troth I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your good news, than what I was before,
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye hear?

Enter MAUDGE.

Mad. The man's ganegyte! Dear Symon, welcome
 What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din? (here.
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gla. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and burn!
 And set the meikleft peet-stack in a low; (your tow,
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blythnewsindeed! And wha was't tald you o't!

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
 Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands, (coat;
 My white-skin hose, and mittons for my hands;
 Then frae their washin cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er the
 And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. (gate,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E—II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,

An auld wife spinning at the funny end.—

At a small distance, by a blasted tree,

With faulded arms, and haff-rai'd looks, ye see,

BAULDY *bis lane.*

WHAT'S this ! I canna bear't ! its war than hell,

To be sae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell !

O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,

Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay ;

Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows,

Straighter than ought that in the forest grows :

Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines ;

The lily in her breast its beauty tines.

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,

Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen !

For Pate looes her,—wae's me ! and she looes Pate ;

And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow :—O but ane be a beast

That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest !

I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,

But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

Its fair to thole ;—I'll try some witchcraft art,

To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.

Here Maufy lives ; a witch, that for sma' price

Can cast her cantrips, and gi' me advice.

She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,

And mak the deils obedient to her crune.

At

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins witherhins about the hemlock low ;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black tairs and snakes :
 Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire :
 Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
 The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe ; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When ane like me comes running to the de'il.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
 To speak my errand, faith amais I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, though I shou'd never thrive ;
 They gallop fast that de'ils and lassies drive.

[Exit.

S C E N E—III.

A green kail-yard ; a little fount,
 Where water popland springs :
 There sits a wife with wrinkl'd front,
 And yet she spins and sings.

MAUSE.

S A N G IX.—*Carle, an' the king come.*

Peggy, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come ;

Thou

Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

HOW does auld honest lucky of the glen?
 Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a threed wi' little din,
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
 Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:—but something that requires
 Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mau. My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
 That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
 Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mau. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possesst,
 That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and
 Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. (fell,

Mau. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
 Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
 That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.
 When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;

D

When

When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came ;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane ;
 When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsell amaisht amang the snaw ;
 When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night ;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen :
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about :
 And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith ;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
 But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy.—Neps is fond of me.—
 Peggy likes Pate ;—and Pate is bauld and flee,
 And looes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right ;
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night :
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth a your pease and grots ; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find ;
 But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind ;

Syne

Syne rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night sac mirk, I'l tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane fall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may;—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit. Bauldy.*]

MAUDE ber lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and cild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, shoud in a twitch,
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
Nane kens but me;—and, if the morn were come
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dum.

[*Exit.*]

D **SCENE**

S C E N E—IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 PATIE and his PEGGY meet;
 In love, without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lads and cheerfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay,
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
 They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where Primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
 How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds;

Peg. The scented midows,—birds,—and healthy
 For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please. (breeze,

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
 Gif I could fancy ought sae sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
 Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
 That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.

Wi'

GENTLE SHEPHERD



Peggy

O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay

Act II Sc IV



Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that buik the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
 The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
 And lambs thou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
 I darna stay;—ye joker, let me gang;
 Anither lass may gar ye change your fang;
 Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mither shall her fondness drap,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love;—I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will
 And be mansworn to twa in half a year. (swear,
 Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
 But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
 Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
 How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
 I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lip out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tanfy-know, or rashy-strand,
 Thou smiling by my side:—I took delite
 To pu' the rashies green, wi' roots sae white;

Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the Day, my heart was flight'ring fain :
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes* ;
There's nane like Nanfy, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings :
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire !
And roos'd by them we love, blows up that fire :
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now ; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at the
acting as follows.*

SANG X.—*The Yellow-bair'd ladie.*

When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the *Cowden-broom-knows*,
And Rosey lilts sweetly the *milking the eaves* ;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanfy can sing ;
At *Thro'-the-wood-ladie*, Bess' gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweed-side*, or the *Last of the mill*,
It's many times sweeter and pleasant to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire !
 And praises fae kindly increases love's fire :
 Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 • To make mysell better and sweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave ;
 At naught they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe ;
 Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve :—
 Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize or yet prove true.
 But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a' :
 Continue kind ; and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But harken ! yon'sauld aunty's cry ;
 I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
 Or fivescore good anes wad na be amifs ;
 And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
 That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, fine claim your hire.

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

S A N G—XI.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
 You're made for love ; and why should you deny ?

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and fowr.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine ; and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I hae thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

PEGGY singing, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

PATIE, with his left hand about her waist.

O charming armfu' ! hence, ye cares, away !
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day ;
A' night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day !
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E—I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
 And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time :
 An elvand fills his hand, his habit mean ;
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
 But whisht ! it is the knight in mascurad,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
 Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM, solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
 With a full view of every fertile plain,
 Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joys, the prospect pains renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof ; the gates fallen from their bands ;
 The casements all broke down ; no chimney left ;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft :
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
 Where, round the figur'd green the pebble walks,
 The dewy flower's hung nodding on their stalks :

But,

But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No Jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nest'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crimes!

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII.—*Happy Clown.*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown;

And

And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleeting flocks.
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day ;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.
 Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfollied with a crime :
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state ;
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.
 Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gambolling to' day ;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit.

S C E N E—II.

It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean : a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
 On skelf's foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,

Wi'

Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tack their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE anes were young ourfells.—I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade.
Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elsp. Poor man ! he's a great comfort to us baith :
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn I'll say't well worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken : a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—Be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha ! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match :
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch ;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools myfell.

Gla. What reason can ye have ? there's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor :
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain bairn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
 And twa quey calfs I'll early to them give.

Elsp. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna spear
 What may be is not fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day aught days likely he shall learn,
 That our denial disna slight his bairn. (bend;

Gla. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gi'es the other
 We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some it's said,
 Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
 Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
 Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
 Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
 The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
 He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
 Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look;
 Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
 His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say:
 Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[*Exit Jenny.*

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
 He kens nae mair of that than my grey-mear.

Gla.



GENTLE SHEPHERD



Symon

Here welcome, honest Carlo, here take a seat

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

*Jenny Returns bringing in Sir WILLIAM; with them
PATIE.*

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a feat.

S. Wil. I give ye thanks, goodman; I'se no be blate.

CLAUD drinks.

Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?

S. Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;—e'en but little way:
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here, to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. Wil. That's kind unfought.—We'll, gin ye ha'e a
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn, (bairn
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON Pointing to PATIE.

Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

S. Wil. Young man, let's see your hand;—what
gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elsp. Betouch-us-too?—and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the de'il's our grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird. (now?)

Elsp. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman! what think ye

Sym. I dinna ken: strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

PATIE'S health gaes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenant's, on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,--let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

*Sir WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour
to lay him right.*

Elsp. Preserve's! the man's a warlock, or posselt
Wi' some nae good,—or second fight at least:
Where is he now?—

Gla.—————He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elsp. Thae second-fighted fowk (His peace be here;)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—*Elspa,* haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tofs of usquebae.

S. Wil.

Sir WILLIAM starts up and speaks.

A knight that for a LYON fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the LYON rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain :
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.
That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bald.
He MR PATRICK shall be call'd :
All you that hear me now,
May weel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel ;
But, faith, I'm red you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep :
Or do ye get them tald ye in your sleep ?

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward ;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The whimpl'd meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle ; fore ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. We'll, be't sae, friend, I shall say naething mair ;
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets I can sift,
Till darknefs black the bent :
I have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch but some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire.—
And, Glad, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;—
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play.
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E—III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame ;

Young ROGER draps the rest,

To whisper out his melting flame,

And thow his lassie's breast.

Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet ;

See, JENNY's laughing ; ROGER's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd !

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh ye're ay fae scornfu' fet.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak ?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek !

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
And I man out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah ! cou'd I loo you less, I'd happy be ;
But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my father, cousin Meg I love ;
But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move :

Except

Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again :
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad, however that ye yet stand free ;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow ! but we're bonny, good, and every thing ;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs, or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent ;
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mear :
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou shou'd scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa' !
But girning marriage comes and ends them a' .
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies .
I've seen the filler spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear :
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile .

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night .

I've

I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain :
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company ;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! had my head !—
This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love ! let's kifs till wi' be tir'd
Kifs, kifs ! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows,

SANG XIII.—*Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You shou'd nae mair complain ;
The easy mind, beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

ROGER.

I'm happy now ; ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline ;
 The pleasure strikes me near hand dead ;
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?
 O let me brifs thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine :
 Delightfu' thought ! we'll never part.
 Come, prefs thy mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gie's way,
 To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
 Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb ;
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

SANG XIV.—*O'er Bogie.*

JENNY.

Weel, I agree, you're sure o' me ;
 Next to my father gae :
 Mak him content to gi'e consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.
 Should he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain ;

Tho'

Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,

But thee I will hae nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,

Like those in high degree :

And if ye prove faithful in love,

You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byres rowt ;
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas fell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a' ; which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee :
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair.
My love and a' is yours ; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg ;—besides, I maunna stay :
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn. (pool,

Rog. To where the fauch-tree shades the mennin-
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
Keep triste, and meet me there ;—there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our love ;—there's nought fae sweet.

SCENE

S C E N E—IV.

This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
 Within a' gallery of the place,
 Where a looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the Baron shewn his face,
 But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir WILLIAM.

TO whom belongs this house, so much decay'd?
Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*

(Sir WILLIAM draps his masking-beard;

SYMON, transported, sees

*The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenants fight,
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

S. Wil. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And I'm confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;

Since

Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock :—neist, my ain judgement fand
Out reasons plenty ; since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends : which gi'es their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, we'll I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's loo'd by few :
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace ;
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain faim'ly, as to gi'e him trust.

S. Wil. Such uselefs branches of a commonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state mair health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all the observations on my son :
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise the longest summer day
Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave ;

And whan there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;
 And his decreet stands good ;—he'll gar it stand ;
 Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;
 Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey. (proceed :

S. Wil. Your tale much pleases—my good friend,
 What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel ; for, troth, I didna spare
 To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear ;
 And he delites in 'books :—he reads, and speaks
 Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?—and of what
 kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburg port,
 He buys some books, of hist'ry, fangs, or sport :
 Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd—Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
 About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

S. Wil. He answered well ; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.

Reading

Reading such books can raise a peasants mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's ourfell?

S. Wil. Well jested, Symon.—But one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May blest the fairest, best born lady's arms.

S. Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know, that is not downright me. [*Exit.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When th' event of hope successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years ;
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream ;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve
 Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews it light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The scene describ'd in former page,
 Claud's onset.—Enter Maufe and Madge.

MADGE.

OUR laird's come hame ! and owns young Pate his
Mau. That's news indeed !—— (heir
Mad. ——— As true as ye stand there.

As

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw.
 Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'.*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix't on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naething ha'e.

Mau. Then sure the lassies, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou,
 When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
 In short, he did for Pate brâw things foretell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.
 At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne, for blythness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for; happy lad was he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secet story soon:
 And troth it's e'en-right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no fea meikle as to Pate himsell.—
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be fae; wha kens? and may be no.

To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain :
 Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain ;
 And what has been before, may be again. }

Mad. Sic nonsense ! love take root, but tocher good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood !
 Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be ;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain :
 Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain !
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

Mad. He get her ! flaverin doof ; it sets him weel
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel :
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he :
 And so wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

JENNY said to JOCKEY, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be,
 I trow sae.—Lassies will come too at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their sna-baws cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a' !—

Baul.———Faith unco right :
 I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task ;
 Poor bonny PEGGY, wha man think nae mair
 On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be
 While

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
 Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Nepe can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
 Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
 What ither lass will throw a mansworn herd?
 The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate;
 Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a get! mansworn! and a' the rest!
 Ye leed, auld roudes—and, in faith, y' had best
 Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand
 Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit brock;
 Speak that again, and trembling, dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
 Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
 That I'm mansworn;—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
 And shou'd be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.
 Ye filthy dog!——

*Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—MAUSE
 endeavours to redd them.*

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy
 I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen; (leen:
 It's sae daft like.——

BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with a bleeding nose.

Mad.

Mad. ———— It's dafter like to thole
 An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal :
 It sets him weel, wi' vile unscraptit tongue,
 To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
 They're aulder yet than I have married been,
 And or they died their bairns bairns have seen.

Mau. That's true ; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
 To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name. }

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same. }

Mad. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow ; I fall auld ye.

Mau. Howt no ! — ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest

Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farder gae
 Ye maun forgie 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I ha'e at Madge nae spite :
 But she abusing first, was a' the wite.

Of what has happen'd ; and shou'd therefore crave
 My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon ! gallows-face, gae greet.
 And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat ;

Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,

'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.

Vow, and lowp back ! — was e'er the like heard tell ?

Swith, tak him de'il ; he's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY running off.

His prefence be about us ! curst were he
 That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee. [*Exit.*

MADGE laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee ;
 He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's

GEORGE THE SHEPHERD



George

*His presence be about us: 'twere he,
That were condemn'd for life to live witha*

Act IV. Sc. I



He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snoot gae me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine
Obliges fowk resentment to decline;
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we shou'd gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his trifle; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll hae, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A-conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on night
The westlin clouds shines red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E.—II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green-swaired grows damp wi' falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.

ROGER.

WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light;
 O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
 Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we
 That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
 I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
 She smil'd—-I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
 Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
 Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
 He a' the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;
 Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;

That

That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye troth I'm at a' stand:
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty, and hasten reason, plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdes excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

S A N G XV.—*Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd:
 For now tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels:
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
 Your Peggy's bonney;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
 And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.

I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here!—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance;
To London neist; and afterwards to France
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three ither Monkey-tricks.—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then its design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I main be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They aw ha'e just enough, can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fash'es fowk to keep.—*

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the
The poor and rich but differ in the name. (same:
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the list.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scanty on the bent:
Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeyfant servants, honour, wealth, and ease:
Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to please.

Pat.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks na far amiss;
 But a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
 The passions rule the roast;—and, if they're sower,
 Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease;
 While o'er the moor the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some
 Thae best can teach what's real good and ill. (skill;
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheefe,
 To gain these silent friends, that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy:
 Faith I've hae books, tho' I should sell my ky.
 But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
 Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies:—his will maun be obey'd;
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
 But I some time this last design maun hide. }
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
 I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
 To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. [Exit.

PATIE *solus*.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
 My father's will to her that hads my heart !
 I ken she looes ; and her fast saul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
 Her eyes are red !————

Enter PEGGY.

————My Peggy, why in tears ?
 Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :
 Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I'dare na think sae high : I now repine
 At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
 Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
 The ship that bears his all like to be lost ?
 Like to be carry'd, by some rover's hand,
 Far frae his wishes, to some distant land !

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me remains
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
 My father has forbid our loves, I own :
 But love's superior to a parent's frown.
 I falsehood hate : come, kifs thy cares away ;
 I ken to love as weel as to obey.
 Sir William's generous ; leave the task to me,
 To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on !—speak ever thus, and still my grief :
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief.

New

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That wi' nice air sweems round in silk attire ;
 Then I, poor me ?—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate ;
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay ;
 As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fa'n on purpose, that I might be tane,
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease ;
 May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife !

SANG XVI.—*Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

Speak on,—speak ever thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder ;
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
 No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell :
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd o' me,
 I'll near gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—
 Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,

My

My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear ;
 And a' the while will study gentler charms,
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms :
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud ;—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school ;
 Where I may manners learn.————

SANG XVII.—*Tweed-side.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away, till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.
 For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May ;

But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband ha'e sense to approve.

Pat. ————— That's wisely said ;
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart :
 Yet now, left in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
 Affect astitmes to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state :
 Laugh, whan we're sad ; speak, when we've nought
 to say ;
 And, for the fashion, whan we're blyth, seem wae ;
 Pay compliments to them we aft hae scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still ;—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best
 Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and fae sma' expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense ;
 Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?

Sir

Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-what's, fae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook off my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XVIII.—*Bush aboon Traquair.*

Af setting day, and rising morn,
Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.

I'll visit aft the Birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush
Whilst round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,

By

By vows you're mine, my love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shinning ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not but since we've little time,
To war't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E—I.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.

What

What gars ye shake and glowr, and look fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

SYMON gives him a drink.

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak fae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, I'll-pleas'd: I hear his tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day light yet
Symon, you're very timeously afeer. (appear?)

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true:
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling.

I lang to hear't——

Baul.——Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Eirst promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had tryfted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' dooing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)

Rais'd

Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk :
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down ; while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup ;
 I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite ;
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour ; soon shall I obey :
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il.

[*Exit.*

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt,
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind
 That is, through want of education, blind !

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
 As witches raising de'ils up through a ring,
 Syne playing tricks ? a thousand I could tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. Wil.

S. Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup;
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
 Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow:
 Then wi' his train through airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
 Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
 Then aft by night bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools:
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life;
 That gars me think this hobleshew that's past
 Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

S. Wil. I'm sure it will:—but see, increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G XIX.—*Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray:
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day;

Without

Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow :

The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,

The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain ;

Be my portion health and quietness of mind.

Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair :
Glaud by his morning ingle taks a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek ;
A pipe his mouth, the lassies please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD.

I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night ;
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do you think, that now, whan he's a laird,
That he poor landward lassies will regard ?

Jen.

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my coufin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he as a shepherd fought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means ought
He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill. (ill,

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair?
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks fin to name:
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never flap
To brag how often they ha'e had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith
flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say; and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bour'd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn: They're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,

H

That

That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witheraft spell,
At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

[*Exit.*

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.

But

But Meg, poor Meg? maun wi the shepherd stay,
And take what God will send, in hoddén-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
It's no my fau't that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E—III.

Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,¹
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good-breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

Sir WILLIAM.

AND was that all! Weel, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confefs my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:
Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu'——
And that my some-place finds:—but I had best
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonie witch, whose rosie cheek,
Sent me without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, looking at PEGGY,
Whose daughter's she that wears th' **Aurora** gown,
With face so fair, and looks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

Gla.———Sir, she's my niece,—
And yet she's not:—But I should hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction. What dy'e mean?
She is and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen years——

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience—

Pat.





Glad o' this bonny findling as clear moon o' May.

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Pat. ————— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,

Clofe by the lee-side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the barnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: She has past sincefyne

As a poor orphan and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And I'm right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange! ———

Pat. ————— The tale delights mine ear.

S. Wil. Command your joys, young man, till truth
appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;

Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.

Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim :
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. (say ;

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave ?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

S. Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
doubt.

MAUSE goes forward leading PEGGY to Sir WILLIAM.

Mau. Sir, view me weel : has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand ?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand. }

S. Wil. Ha ! honest nurse, where were my eyes before ?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more ;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

Sir WILL. embraces PEGGY, and makes her sit by him.
Yes, surely thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail :
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on ; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.

The

The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursued, wi' avaricious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now posselt :
 All this to me a confident confest.
 I hear'd wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed !
 That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At mid-night hour, the floor I saftly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away ;
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day :
 All day I hid me ;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains ;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himself, and Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day,
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

GLAUD with tears of joy hoping down his beard,
 I weel remember't ; Lord reward your love :
 Lang ha' I wish'd for this : for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought :

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full,
 Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.

She's

She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to Sir WILLIAM.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless the happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

S. Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day !
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this day
I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear ;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance ? wha will refuse to sing
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe,---wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid : ('gree'd,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live :—and, Bauldy, learn to
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak : (steek
And

And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
 And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
 And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
 For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to }
 And to your heirs, I give an endless feu, (you, }
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
 Confirm your joys, and a' your blessing roove.

PATIE, presenting ROGER to Sir WILLIAM.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom-secrets, e'er I was a laird;
 Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
 Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb; at last he spake, and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent. (crave,

S. Wil. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have,

With

With frank consent ; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay ;
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
And still our master's right your business mak.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Shall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise :
But for my master, father, any my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous ; soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguild :
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey :
I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

S A N G—XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

My Patie is a lover gay,

His mind is never muddy :

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy :

His

His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's comely in his wauking:
 The shining of his een surprife;
 It's heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing:
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting!
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzel air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.



